General Miscellany.

THE SONG-SPARROW.

Glimmers gray the leafless thicket There, beside the garden gate, Where so light from post to picket Hops the sparrow, blight, sedate, Who, with meehly tolded wing, Comes to sun himself and sing.

It-was there, 'perhaps, last year,
That his little house he built;
For he seems to perk and peer,
And to twitter, too, and tilt
The bare branches in between,
With a fond, ismiliar mien.

Once, I know, there was a nest,
Held there by the sideward thrust
Of those twigs that touch his bresst;
Though'tis gone now. Some rade gart
Caught it over-full of snow,—
Bent the bush;—and stole it so.

So too our own nests are tossed.
Ruthless, by the wreaking wind,
When with stiffening winter's frost,
Woods we dwelt in, green, are thinn'd
Of leafage all, and grown too cold
For wing'd hopes purely summer-soul

But if we, with spring-days mellow,
Wake to worst wrecks of change,
And the sparrow's ritornello
Scaling still its old sweet range;
Can we do a better thing
Than, with him, still build and sing?

O, my sparrow, thou dost breed Thought in me beyond all telling; Shootest through me sunlight, seed, And fruitful blessing, with that welling Ripple of ecstatic rest, Gurgling ever from thy breast!

And thy breathing, breeze-like, stirs In my voins a genial flood. Such as through the sapwood spurs, Swells and shapes the pointed bud Of the litise; and beets The hollows thick with violets.

Yet I know not any charm
That can make the fleeting time
Of thy aylvan, faint alarm
Suit itself to this rough rhyme:
Still my ruder rhythmic word
Stiffes thy rare strain, dear bird.

And, however thou hast wrought
This wild Joy on heart and brain.
It is better left untaught.
Take thou up the song again:
There is nothing and affeat
On the tide that swells thy throat.
—Scribner's for July.

THE SUPERVISOR'S STORY.

It was at —, in Yorkshire, that I first met with my friend the supervisor. I had the pleasure of an evening's conversation with him, an evening and a morning, as I may say, for we didn't go to bed all that night, and the tots of toddy reached a total that caused Reason to totter on her throne. We were conversing, among other topics, upon Fenianism; and I remarked to my friend the supervisor that I felt a little tender in touching on the theme, for that I didn't exactly know, although I was certain he was a Scotchman, whether he mighn't be an Irishman as well. You'll bear in mind that we'd reached the stage of our "toddy tournament," which might of our "toddy tournament," which might be termed the melee (or the mellow, in the

be termed the melee (or the mellow, in the vernacular); anyhow, we were getting mixed in our ideas.

And I am not surprised at that same, said Sandy, for I lived many years in Ireland, when I was just a gauger, and I grew so intimate with the Irish that my tongue got a twist that it's never recovered from to this day. I was in a wildish part of the country, up among the bogs of Tipperary. I was just a raw laddle then, upon my approbation, as it were, and I was gle active, ye may be sure, routthen, upon my approbation, as it were, and I was gle active, ye may be sure, rout-ing about the country hunting for stills and shebeens, "searching auld wives' barrels." trying to speer out something that might be a feather in my cap, and bring me speedy promotion. But never a drop of potheen or the whift of a still I could

come across, though they were swarming about me the whiles.

But one day, as I sat on the top of a bit hillock looking over the wild country, and thinking of the braes o' Kirkokyrie, I spied a man coming along a wee bit track over the moor, and he was as fou as the laird o' Craigdarroch.

He was a stranger to the parts, too and didn't know the face of me, and he came rolling and sliddering along to where I was sitting.

"God save you, friend!" said I. "The s-saints purtect you!" said my

"It's the decent drop o' liquor you get ere beya Be me soul, it is."

"And it's a decent gossoon that sells it," I went on.
"Indeed he is."
"Will there be a drop left in the jug up

"There's lashings of it."
"Maybe ye'd like a drop more of that

"Maybe ye'd like a drop more of that same?"

"Indeed I would."

"Then I'll be for treating you, friend;" and I linked my arm with his, and away we went over hill and dale, while we came to a lone hut in a bit hag or dingle, where there was a reek of peat smoke, and a bit of a bummiling noise that was the poor fellows inside singing. Well, my friend gave a sort of countersign that I couldn't see the trick of, and he and I both walked in and sot down on a heap of turfs by the floor, and called for the potheen, and I paid for it, and never a one of them was the wiser. But they hadn't got the still there, I found that out; it was up among the bogs somewhere, and I was hoping the bogs somewhere, and I was hoping they'd drop something that'd give me a line to where it was, when all of a sudden there dropped in a little man, a grocer from the town, and the shine from the door as it opened upon me lit up my face, and in the surprise of the moment he sang out.

"Lads, ye've got the gauger among ye!"

and in the surprise of the moment he sang out,
"Lads, ye've got the gauger among ye!"
There was a great kish-of turf just behind me, and before I could stir a hand, somebody had clapped it over me like an extinguisher, and what with the dust of the turf, and a wheen few trifles that was among it, and the reek and the stink, I didn't own a to my senses for a minute or didn't coule to my senses for a minute or two; and when I popped my head out of the basket, never a soul was there but the old grandmother snoring away in her old

but though they saved their still, they couldn't get over the selling of the drink; that was plain enough against them; that was plain enough against them; against Terence Macarthy, that is, who lived in the cabin. He was just the cat's paw of the men that worked the still; but he got all the punishment, more's the pity! Well, I summoned Terence, and got him fined a hundred pounds; and as there was nothing in the world in his hut but the old turf kish as I had kicked the bottom out of, and his grandmother's chair that had been thatched with a bit of oat.

straw, I took out a body-warrant, as we call it, and made up my mind I'd flave to take my friend to Dublin Castle.

Now, Ireland's a different country altogether from this; and after we'd had our sessions, and the magistrates had signed the warrant against poor Terence, we went into the public-house close by—the whole lot of us, magistrates and nil—and began to drink whisky like fish.

"Sandy, me boy," said Mike Hackett—ye remember Mike?—"Sandy, isn't it trembling ye are with apprehension?" He was very particular in his conversation, was Mike. "Isn't it shaking ye are, from the crown of your occiput to the very phalanxes of your jedals, at the job you've got in hand to incarcerate Terence Macarthy?"

"They say 'twas he that shot the balliff,"

"They say 'twas he that shot the balliff,"

"They say 'twas he that shot the balliff," shouted one.

"Divil a one than he murthered the sheriff's officer," cried another.

"Come," I said at last, getting rather cross the way they was chaffing me—"come, I'll bet a gallon of potheen with any sportsman in the room that I'll take the boy to Dublin Castle myself."

"Done with you!" cried a dozen voices. And I was booked for about a hogshead of whisky befire I knew where I was. But I wouldn't go back; only when the excitement of drink was out of me, I felt as if I'd a deal rather have left it undone, for they were a wild lot were McCarthys, and it was a wild country they lived in.

It was nearly a week before I could get across from Shillsloo to Terence McCarthy's cabin, which was in the barony of Tullabardine.

Tullabardine.

It was just the dusk of the evening I got to the top of the hill that looked over Terence's cabin; an' a dismal hole it seemed, that same little hag or dingle. There was a bit of pool of black bogwater at one end of it, and at the other was Terence's cabin—just a heap of turf, with a hole for the smoke to come out.

If it wasn't for being laughed at, I'd have gone back. Well, I dropped down into the hollow, and walked up to the cabin. The door was opened; and the thought came back to me for the moment that they'd all gone off: and pleased I'd have been for that. But no; there was a bit fire in the corner, and in the darkness I could just see some people crouching I could just see some people crouching down, and the old grandmother sitting in her chair by the peat fire.
"God save all here!" I said as I walked

in. "Save ye kindly!" replied a gruff voice from the corner.

And with that I sat down on the old kish that had been filled with turf, and pulled out my pipe and began to smoke. I could distinguish objects now in the could distinguish objects now in the gloom. There was just a heap of children in the corner, with an old rag covering them, sleeping just as sweetly, too, as if they'd been wrapped in down; and there was the mother of them with the baby at her breast, and Terence lying doubled up with his head in his bosom; but never another soul in the hur.

another soul in the hut.
"Take a draw of a pipe, mon," said I;
"and don't be downhearted."
I gave him my bag of tobacco, and he found a pipe in the corner, and he began

"Ye'll no have a wee drap whisky in the house?" I said. "Divil a drap your hanner's left us," said the man, dryly.

"Take a pull at my flask, then," said I.
And Terence took it and drank.
Somehow I felt more comfortable then. I
was safe as long as I was inside the cabin. "I suppose you know what I've come here for, Terence?" I said, after a

As though this had been a preconcerted signal, the wife burst out with loud la-mentations; the old grandmother raised a feeble "wirru, wirru!" rocking herself feeble "wirru, wirru!" rocking herself ackward and forward in her chair; the children in the corner, aroused by the noise, began to wail and cry; and the little babe at the breast howled dismally

"Oh, what will we do, what will we do?

"Oh, what will we do, what will we do? Oh, Terry, Terry, will ye leave the children to starve, and the babe that hangs to me breast? Ochone! Ochone!"

"Whisht, woman, d'ye hear? Mayhap it isn't so bad as we think. Mayhap his hanner will give us a week or two, while the praties come out of the ground, and—"

"I can't do it, Terence; it's a Queen's lob. you know."

"I can't do it, Terence; it's a Queen's job, you know."

"And if the Queen were spoken to, yer hanner," said the woman—"she's had babes of her own—she wouldn't take the husband away from me that wasn't to blame ar all, except with being too goodnatured with those two black villins—"

"Hold your tongue, Bridget!" shouted Terence, interrupting her.

"There is a way," I said. "If Terence will show me the road to the still up among the bogs, he'll be let off his imprisonment, and happen get twenty pounds into the bargain."

"Oh, Terence, darling, do you hear

"Oh. Terence, darling, do you hear that? Do you hear what his hanner tells you? Go on to your knees, Terence, and thank his hanner!"

But I saw Terence was not to be shaken; he thrust away from him the clinging arms

he thrust away from him the clinging arms of his wife.

"Do you know that it's an informer he wants me to be? I'm ready to go," he said, getting up and coming toward me. "Come along, yer hanner, afore my heart breaks entirely."

"All right, Terence; we must walk across to where the Dublin road crosses the tail of the bog. We shall have plenty of time to catch the coach."

"Is it the coach I'll have to go by? Won't it cost a power of money?"

"Seventeen shillings the fare, two shillings the coachman, a shilling for refreshment; you'll cost the country a pound altogether. Terence."

"A pound, your hanner! a whole

altogether. Terence."

"A pound, your hanner! a whole pound! a goolden sovereign to take the likes of me to prison? Oh, your hanner." said Terence, his face lighting up all of a sudden, "if ye'd only give the pound to the mistress, to keep the children and the babes while I lie in the jail, ''d run by the side, yer hanner; ye should never take your eyes off me. Ah, I'd bless your hanner all the days of my life, and the children would learn to pray for you, and the old mother that's almost in the grave shall entreat the Queen of Heaven for your soul."

I was young and soft-hearted then: I

if you fail me, I'm ruined by my kindness to you."

"I'll be there, your hanner, by the holy cross," said Terence, crossing himself devoutly, to give effect to his words. I dkin't feel comfortable either, but I wouldn't go back from my word; so I made my way across the heath. Terence showed me my way till we canc in sight of the Dublin road, a white streak in the dars ness, and then he went loping on his way by some inscrutable tracks across the hills.

After I'd waited some time, the coach

After I'd waited some time, the coach came up; the front seats were full, and I took my place behind, where there was nobody but an old woman, who was fast asleep, propped up by some boxes. I seated myseif beside the old woman, and went to sleep too. The coach stopped at Monmellick to change, and that roused me, and then I heard my own name called. "M'Alister! Saunders M'Alister! are you there!" After I'd waited some time, th

"Sure enough I am," I said, jumping up and rubbing my eyes. "who wants

up and rubbing my eyes. "who wants me!"

A man clambe red up to the roof of the cosch with a dark lantern in his hand, which he flashed full upon me and the old woman—still asleep.

"You've got your prisoner all right, then," said the man.

"What do you know about the prisoner?" said I, sulkily; "and what do you mean by routing a fellow about just as he's comfortably settled?"

"Oh!" says he, loftily; "no hairs with me; I'm your new supervisor!"

Now I'd written just a note to our supervisor, old Blathery, a decent old fellow as ever lived: "Dear Bladder. I'm going to take a prisoner to Dublin tonight, and as I come back I'll come and see you, and we'll have a gey willie waught for auld lang syne."

"Yes," said the man, a tallow-candle-looking kind of chap, with big teeth, that made quite a shine, as you may say." Yes, I'm your new supervisor, and I'm astonished that you should make so free with your superior officers to write such a letter to him as that I got to-night. But I'm glad to see you've got your prisoner all right. I'm going up to Dublin too. I've got a prisoner, and there's nobody else to take him, so I am going myself."

"Why, where's Blathery?" said I.

"Suspended; sure to be dismissed."

"And Tompkins and Jones, the officers?"

"Suspended too."

"And Tompkins and Jones, the

"Suspended too."
"Gude save us!" said I; "and what's that for?"

"I can't tell ye all, but I can tell you this much: they were constantly taking prisoners to Dublin Castle, and getting prisoners to Dublin Castle, and getting paid for their coach fare and expenses, and all the while they'd be driving them up in carts they'd borrow from their friends for nothing; and there was one impldent fellow made his prisoner walk, and claimed his fare just the same."

"And was is for that they suspended the come?"

'em?"
"Wasn't it enough—to be defrauding the lievenue? I'm glad to see ye've got your man safe alongside you, for, by Jingo! If I'd caught you at those tricks, I'd have been the dismission of you."
Well, I felt my heart go down into my boots. What on earth was I to do? Sure

boots. What on earth was I to do? Sure enough, the next time the old woman woke, I'd be discovered, and then what would be the end of it! I'd be dismissed in disgrace, and ruin my prospects for life: and then poor Katle Stewart, who was waiting for me up in Kirkealdy, waiting till I'd get my next rise in my salary—oh, whatever would I do! Just catch me doing a work of mercy and charity again! "O Lord!" I said breathing "mental prayer, "let me off this once:

I'll never offend any more."

The supervisor—Chandler his name was, queer enough seeing he was for all the world, as I have said before, just like the world, as I have said before, Just like a tallow-candle—he clambered up with his prisoner to where I was sitting, and took his place just opposite me, at the very back of the coach, you know, with his face to the horses. Just the jerk of starting the coach woke up the old woman, and she, looking about in wonder for a moment, threw her arms up and began to

"Oh, sure I'm past the place entirely!
Oh, sure I'm left behind! Oh, I'll never
Oh, sure I'm left behind! to to find my way back!" and she tried to jump of the coach.

I threw my arms round her and held her down; but the more I held her the more she struggled, till in the end I man-aged to pinion her arms, and, fairly over-powered, she became quiet at last. Mr. Chandler was all of a shake.

powered, she became quiet at last.

Mr. Chandler was all of a shake.

"W-what's the meaning of that extraordinary scene?" he cried.

"Prisoner trying to escape," I said.

"Bless me, that was a very courageous resistance on your part. I'll make a note of that;" and Chandler pulled out a big note-book; but, between the jerking of the coach and the shaking of his hands, he couldn't write a word. However, it wasn't long before we were at Portarlington, which I was thankful to see. I was tired of hugging my old woman. What I'd do after that I didn't know. But as luck would have it, the moment the coach stopped, Chandler leaped down.

"I'll get a drop of something hot," he cried, "to stop this shivering. Look after the prisoners, M'Alister."

"Mother, ain't you thankful to me I saved your life?" I said to the old woman, unclasping my embrace. She gave me a look and a curse, and stepped off the coach. And then a bright thought came into my brain. "Come over here," I said to the prisoner opposite, who had been stolidiy looking on; "you'll be warmer and more comfortable in this corner, and you'll get a bit of sleep, perhaps."

The man came over, and sat down in the corner the old woman had vacated.

"What's your name?"

"Andrew Macarthy."

"What's your name?"
"Andrew Macarthy."
"How much have they give you?"
sked of him. "Six months."

"Now, my lad," I said, quickly, would you rather two months impris-mment as a crown debter, living on the

ler among the lot, came tumbling out of

the inn.
"He's gone!" I cried; "your prison-

er's gone?"
"Why didn't you stop him?"
"How could I hold the two of them?" Andrew, entering into the spirit of the scene, began to struggle violently, and I threw my arms about him, and held him

"Which way did he go?" roared Chandler

"Down Montmellick way!"

Away went Chandler, his long legs flying out behind him, his skirts fluttering in the breeze, till he disappeared in the outer darkness. I need hardly say that the sympathy of the public was with the escaping prisoner.

escaping prisoner.

"What should we wait for him for?" said the coachman, clambering up into his seat, and looking over the back of the coach; "we can't stop the coach for

ocach; we can't stop the coach for him."

"Go on!" shouted all the passengers. My heart began to beat once more as the coach moved slowly on. Not till we had cleared the lights of Portarlington, not till the shouts of the mob which the news of the escape had collected had died away, did I feel perfectly secure.

It was gray dawn as we reached Dublin, and clattered along its streets to the Castle gate. Just by the gate there stood a solitary figure, a masculine figure, dressed in long tattered frieze coat and battered caubeen; he had a cudgel under his arm, and was leaning in melancholy guise against the weather-worn walls. He brightened up when he saw the coach, came forward, and recognizing me, offered to help me in my descent. It was Terence Macarthy.

"I'm ready for you, captain," he said,

Macarthy.

"I'm ready for you, captain," he said, with a bright smile.

I was no little embarrassed by my two captives. I had only a warrant for one, for Terence, and the governor of the Castle would not take the custody of two prisoners upon that warrant. And how could I get rid of Andrew? or if I took in Andrew, how dispose of Terence? Oh, if Andrew would only run away!

"Rin, man, rin!" I whispered in Andrew's ear, as he descended from the coach.

coach.
"Would I abuse your hanner's kindness?" whispered the man in reply.
"Go! get out!" I said, nudging Ter-

ence with my elbow. "Sure your hanner's got me faster than wid chains of Iron wid your hanner's

treatment of me."
There was a little public-house hard by
the Castle gate, and to that I lead my embarrassing charge.

"Now look here, Terence and Andrew," I said after we'd each had a checkful of whisky; "her royal Majesty has taken your case into her gracious consideration, and she's come to the conclusion. sion that the interest of justice will be sufficiently subserved if one of ye goes to prison. Now just choose between your-selves."

prison. Now just choose between yourselves."
"I'll go," said Terence.
"I will," said Andrew.
"The divil save you!" said Terence.
And so they went on with their aggravating language, that I'm not Irishman enough to describe to you, and from words they came to blows; Terence had his cudgel with him, Andrew broke the leg off a stool; I crept under the table to be out of the way, but the table was upset among 'em, a heavy oak table, the edge of which hit me on the nose and tapped my claret, as the saying is. The fight lasted a quarter of an hour, at the end of which Andrew was on the floor bleeding profusely.
"I've bate the soul out of him," said Terence, breathless, "A dirty little omadhaun like that to be taking the paw of me, and to be going to be staling the very prison away from me. Come along quick, yer hanner."
When we once more reached the Castle

When we once more reached the Castle

gate, there was a post-chalse standing there; and in the governor's office was my friend Mr. Chandler, the wreck of the smart supervisor I had last seen. There were great gaps in his row of shining teeth; his tall hat was knocked into the shape of a pancake; his neat frock-coat was hanging in tatters at his back.

"Oh, man!" he groaned, as I came in how could you leave me in the hands o

"how could you leave me in the hands of those barbarians? See how I've been treated! Why, I was mobbed in that horrible place! Why did you suffer that man to drive away and leave me!"

"How could I help it?" said I. "Haven't I had desperate work to keep my own prisoner? Loek at my face;" it was blood-stained certainly. "Look at my prisoner; his head was a mass of bruisea. If I hadn't fought to the death, I'd have lest him."

"And is this the way they generally to

"And is this the way they generally go on about here?" said Chandler. "Pretty much about," I said.

"Then I'll never return to that horrible place, never. I'll go straight back to Somerset House and tell 'em they must send a prize-fighter to take charge of the district. I shall report very favorably of you. M'Alister, and your desperate courage."

sge."
So he did, I'm glad to say, and I got my district soon after, and a rise in salary, and married Katie Stewart. Terence and I were fast friends from that time, and when were last friends from that time, and when the old grandmother died I helped him to emigrate to America, where I hear he's doing very well in the public line. But I never met with such another adventure.— English Magazine.

—To Preserve Corn on the Cob.—Gather the ears when the grains are fully developed, before they begin to glaze. First soak them half an hour in salt pickle, made strong enough to float an egg. Then rinse off in clean, cold water, and lay the ears in warm, clear water, on boards, out in the sun or windows, ever a steady heat from a stove, drying gradual. boards, out in the sun or windows, ever a steady heat from a stove, drying gradually for ten days, until the grains are shriveled like sugar-corn and all the moisture is dried out of the cob. Then all that is required is to pack in wooden boxes, and place where there is no dampness, and but a slight atmospheric change. When wanted for use, soak ten or twelve hours in tepid water, when the grains will be found fairly filled out, and you may have green boiled corn on the cob almost equal to that but an hour from the field. to that but an hour from the field.

—To keep Hams all Summer.—Sew in coarse cloth, and pack in cold, dry ashes, but so that none of it touches the hams. Keep them in a cool, dry place, but not

Culture of Tobacco.

The cold, wet season has had the effect to put off, and in some cases, prevent the setting of tobacco. This, however, may qe continued until July 1st or even 10th of July, but if set in June, under favorable chroumstances, the leaves will be pretty sure to mature before the advent of frost. Plants should not be transplanted until they become the size of a silver dollar. And if some care be taken in transplanting it will amply repay the care, by the afe-rgrowth.

and it some care be taken in transplanting it will amply repay the care, by the aforgrowth.

This may be quickly done by inserting two fingers in the prepared hill and as the carth is drawn away, placing the roots in position without bending or twisting. It the day be damp or cloudy, water will not be needed, but if dry, a little water should be given in the depression around the roots, and, after the water has settled away, the dry earth should be drawn evenly around the plant; when the large fields are planted, this may be done by a division of labor. In watering such small plants from a gill to a half pint of water is sufficient for each, so that a little water will go a long way.

It used to be a favorite maxim with a certain class that man was the only animai that would eat tobacco, but those who have had their tobacco plantations depredated upon by deer know better; and the horse, who in some of his structural func-

have had their tobacco plantations depredated upon by deer know better; and the horse, who in some of his structural functions is not dissimilar, is not averse to partaking of this "noxious weed." Among the insect tribe it has many enemies. The principal ones, however, with the which the tobacco grower has to contend are the cut-worm tribe and certain classes of Sphinges, the larvae of which are large green worms. The only certain means of preventing the depredations of these destructive insects is hand-picking. The cut-worms should be hunted for early in the morning, before the sun is up if possible, for at this time the larvae have not sought their retreats, but may generally be found for at this time the larve have not sought their retreats, but may generally be found on the surface or just beneath the surface of the earth, and are easily killed. The Sphinx quinquemaculatus, and the true to-bacco worm of the South, Sphinx Carolina, are the two insects which prove so destructive to the tobacco crop; the first north of the latitude of St. Louis and the other south; the two species being found north of the latitude of St. Louis and the other south; the two species being found together in the latitude of Southern Illinois. The larvæ of these insects very nearly resemble each other to the unscientific eye, and both feed upon various individuals of the Solamon family, to which the potato, tomato, henbane and tobacco

The mature moth of the northern spe-

The mature moth of the northern species measures about five inches across the wings; is of a gray color, variegated with blackish lines and bands, and has on each side of the body five orange-colored spots encircled with black, hence its name quinquementatus, or five-spotted sphinx.

This moth deposits its eggs upon the underside of the leaves, about the time the leaves are one-third to half grown. They should be carefully husted for and destroyed, and especially should the moth be killed whenever found. No pains should be spared in worming the tobacco, as it is be killed whenever found. No pains should be spared in worming the tobacco, as it is called, that is, destroying the larve of of this moth while yet found, for if allowed to cat until they attain considerable size or become full grown, the crop is seriously injured, sometimes wholly destroyed. The worm is not much sought by small birds, but turkeys are often utilized in destroying this pest of the tobacco plant, and they speedly acquire a taste for the worms. In the cultivation of tobacco no pains should be spared to keep the plants constantly in fine tilth. There is no crop that pays better for the manure applied, and, having been to the expense of applying manure, fitting the ground, and the state of the backet. of applying manure, fitting the ground, and planting, it is bad policy thereafter to allow the crop to be dwarfed for want of cultivation, or destroyed by the larvæ of noxious insects.—Western Rural.

The Death Agony.

Death is usually preceded by a group of phenomena that has received the name of the death-agony. In most cases of discase the beginning of this concluding period is marked by a sudden improvement of the functions. It is the last gleam springing from the dying flame; but soon the eyes become fixed and insensible to the action of light, the nose grows pointed and cold; the nouth wide one seems to and cold; the mouth, wide open, seems to call for the air that fails it, the cavity within it is parched, and the lips, as if withered, cling to the curves of the teeth. within it is parched, and the lips, as if withered, cling to the curves of the teeth. The last movements of respiration are spasmodic, and a wheezing, and sometimes a marked gurgling sound, may be heard at some distance, caused by obstruction of the bronchial tubes with a quantity of mucus. The breath is cold, the temperature of the skin lowered. If the heart is examined, we note the weakening of its sounds and pulsations. The hand, placed in its neighborhood, feels no throb. Such is the physiognomy of a person in the last moments of death in the greater number of cases, that is, when death follows upon a period of illness of some duration. The death-struggle is seldom painful, and almost always the patient feels nothing of it. He is plunged into a comatose stupor, so that he is no longer conscious of his situation or his sufferings, and he passes insensibly from life to death, in a manner that renders it sometimes difficult to fix the exact instant at which a diving person expense. in a manner that renders it sometimes disticult to fix the exact instant at which a dying person expires. This is true, at least, in chronic maladies, and especially in those that consume the human body slowly and silently. Yet, when the hour of death comes for ardent organizations—for great artists, for instance, and they usually die young—there is a quick and sublime new burst of life in the creative genius. There is no better example of this than the angelic end of Beethoven, who, before he breathed out his soul, that tuneful monad, regained his lost speech and hearing, and spent them in repeating for the last time some of those sweet harmonies which he called his "Prayers to God." Some diseases, moreover, are most peculiarly marked by the gentleness of the dying agony. Of all the lils that cheat us while killing by pin-pricks, consumption is that which longest wears for us the illusive look of health, and best conceals the misery of living and the horror of dying. Nothing can be compared with the ficult to fix the exact instant at which a dying person expires. This is true, at illusive look of health, and best conceals the misery of living and the horror of dying. Nothing can be compared with that hallucination of the senses and that liveliness of hope which mark the last days of the consumptive. He takes the burning of his destroying fever for a healthful symptom, he forms his plans, and smiles calmly and cheerfully on his friends, and suddenly, some morrow of a quiet night. suddenly, some morrow of a quiet night, he falls into the sleep that never wakes.—